

not far from the cottage. The pestleful moon
 whose rays, peeping through the green branches,
 often glided the fair hair of Lise, with which
 the asphodel, or the hand of the lover, was play-
 ing. His image often played in her eyes, over-
 flowing with love, which were ever again dried
 by the fiery lines of Login. They embraced
 each other — and the chaste, modest Cyn his,
 did not veil her face, for their embraces were
 pure and innocent. "When you," whispered
 Lise to Login, "when you say to me, I love you,
 my life: when you press me to your heart, and
 look at me with your dear eyes; the night-
 gales song does not please me, if I do not also
 hear your voice; and the fresh breezes, with-
 out your breath, appear to me faint and oppres-
 sive."

Login transported his shepherdess — so he
 called her — and thus more she loved him the
 more amiable he appeared to himself. All those
 splendid pleasures of the great world seemed to
 him as phantasms, compared with the pure joys
 conferred on him by the tender friendship of an
 innocent heart. With contempt he now looked
 back on the miserable pleasures, which formerly
 enchanted his senses. "No," he cried, "with a
 brotherly affection alone will I love this
 charming girl; for be it from me to abuse her
 tenderness! True happiness is one to be found
 in the path of virtue." "Unthinking youth!
 Do you know your heart? Can you always
 answer for its emotions? Will your discretion
 ever be master of your feelings?"

Lise desired Login would frequently visit her
 mother. "I love her," said the good child,
 "with her every pleasure; and it appears to me,
 as if your presence must give every body plea-
 sure." "The old woman said really always pre-
 sented when the two Logins. She liked to talk to
 him about her late husband, and the days of her
 youth; how she had been acquainted with her
 dear John, and how he felt in love with her,
 and how concerned and tenderly they had lived
 together." "Ah!" she would add, "we were
 never tired of looking at each other, in the very
 hour in which death robbed me of him!" Login
 listened to her with distinguished pleasure. He
 bought of her Lise's work, and always wanted to
 pay more than she asked; but she positively
 would not receive more than the fixed price.

So passed some weeks. One evening Login
 was obliged to wait longer than usual for Lise.
 At last she came, but sorrowful and with eyes
 full of tears. "For God's sake Lise! what is
 the matter with you?" "Ah! Login, I have
 been crying." "Why? pray tell me!" "You
 don't know all. A rich young peasant from the
 neighbouring village courts me, and my mother
 says I shall marry him." "And you consent
 to it?" "Unfeeling man! can you ask me?
 Only my mother grieves me; she cries, and com-
 plains, that I do not wish for her power; and
 that she that could easily if she does not see
 me married first. Ah! my good mother knows
 no: her heart is no iron or free!" "Lo in
 embled Lise, and assured her, that nothing in
 the world was dearer to him than her happiness;
 that after her mother's death he would take her
 home, and in a delightful union with her
 they should live in the land of asphodels in peace
 and love." "But you cannot be my husband?" said
 Lise with a faint smile. "Why not? I am a
 peasant's son." "Yes I like you, Lise. Your
 friend does not look for me to be a commoner;
 your pure feeling is more precious to him, than
 more than any thing else. You will be ever
 dear to my heart."

Lise now hurried on his business, and now
 struck the dew from his nose —
 To be concluded in our next.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

I've seen the earth convulsions roll,
 And rock upon her trembling pole;
 Aid use a ghastly tomb;
 Where thousands sink in dread amazement,
 Whilst liquid fires around them blaze,
 And ease the drearful gloom.

I've heard the elemental war
 Rage on the sea-belt's stormy shore;
 Where shipwrecked seamen lay;
 I've heard the battle's horrid din,
 Where grim death stalks with ghastly grin,
 And mighty heroes die.

I've heard the terrors of the fire
 As the sea-belt from the peak
 Most lightly to fall;
 I've heard grim demons, fired with rage,
 In midnight murder plots engage,
 With hellish fury yell.

I've heard hoarse chimes read the woe,
 And seen the lightning's wild glare
 Pain mark upon the sky;
 I've heard the midnight wail of woe,
 And seen compasses torn the shroud,
 And heard the night-bird's cry!

But yet the drearful thunders roar;
 Nor flaming surges on the shore,
 Nor dying heroes sigh;
 Nor yet the battle's horrid din,
 Nor death's terrific ghastly grin,
 Nor night-bird's cry!

Nor yet the demon's fearful yell,
 Nor wailing wretches with their magic spell,
 Nor elemental strife;
 Can with such horror fill my soul,
 As doth the echo on a lonely coast
 Of an engaged wife!

EXTRACT.

Say, is it love that makes me weep,
 And flows the fire of my eye?
 And is it love that breaks my rest,
 That glitters in my eye?

Ah! 'tis his love — the archer's eye,
 With arrow-quick and sure,
 Transfixed my heart, and doomed to die,
 Without a hope of cure.

I saw him from his mother's arms
 Descend, to cull from earth
 Such flowers, as form the poet's charms,
 That give to passion birth.

Then quick as thought the arrow flew,
 Compelled by powerful charms,
 To fill my heart with anguish new,
 My bosom with alarms.

But soon the springs of life will cease,
 And soon the time will come,
 When death shall give my bosom peace,
 And happiness revive.

WINTER.

Stern Winter, though thy rugged reign
 Chills the pale bosom of the plain,
 And in deep sighs the hollow blast
 Tells us the happy days are past,
 The snow-mock during thy gloomy reign,
 And lead a long, the infant year,
 Thy sickening glooms, and leafless trees,
 Have charms for Emma and for me.

And though the light wind's breeze no more
 Whiffs the rich sweets of Summer's store,
 Through Autumn's scene to move beguiles,
 My cot is warm and Emma smiles,
 Then, Winter, come thy storm and rain

Thou
 I feel
 As ever
 In the quiet
 Of the day
 Than thy pho-
 Have charms for Emma

Time when the bloom of
 And fancy's frolic hours
 Tranquil and free from care
 I'll meet the heavy frown of age
 Till a winter come, and I shall
 Laugh not for the gaily youth
 I shall die glorious and be
 Have charms for Emma and for me.

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

In the whole range of Rousseau's writing and
 expressed with more ease, more grief, and with
 simplicity, than the following passage in *Emile*.
 Vicar of Wakefield, where the unfortunate parents
 described as journeying home with the tedious
 child.

"The next morning I took my daughter behind
 me, and set out for my native home. As we traveled
 along, I turned by every post-chaise to calm her
 nervous and fears, and to learn her with resolution
 to bear the presence of her old-fashioned mother. I took
 every opportunity from the prospect of a fine country
 through which we passed, to observe how much
 kinder Heaven was to us than we to each other;
 and that the misfortunes of Nature's making were
 very few. I reasoned that she should never per-
 ceive any change in our direction; and her future
 life, which yet might be long, she might depend
 upon a gradual and a gentle. I said a few words
 to the group of the world; showed her that books
 were a more unobtrusive companion to the miser-
 able, and that if the world was to be so to her
 life, they would at least prove as much to her."

VARIETY.

One of our most poets, describing a storm at sea
 thus beautifully expresses himself:

The billows of the sea ran mountain high,
 That made us heave all I thought I should die.

Anticipating the death of his brother, he is in a
 state of pain, until a friend informs him of his
 safety, and his grief terminates. Particularly appropriate.

He now informed me of the sad report,
 And down we sat and took a bottle of port.

REPUTATION.

Reputation is like wax; when you have melted
 it, you may easily press it out; but it once you
 extinguish it you will not easily kindle it again,
 at least not so bright as before.

MAXIMS.

Do not yield to misfortunes, but meet them on the
 contrary with fortitude. You can only subdue a
 day by being superior to it.
 He who postpones the hour of living rightly, like
 the rustic who waits till the ice shall have passed
 away. He defers his reformation to a period which
 can never arrive.

The victim of sloth is only to be shaken off by
 business. The mind will rust and cumber with-
 out employment.